

Title: Tearing At Divinity

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It has been said so many
times,

From nobles down to
peasant grimes,

That to love

Is to be Divine.

And those who speak,

Continue on,

To say that since Love is
divine, you know,

Forgiveness is indeed
more so. But I'm afraid I
must
contend

This point that leadsto
grisly ends.

For to love is to be
weak,

For if you love the slow
or meek, They can be
taken from
your arms

By those who seek to do
you harm.

And Forgiveness, you
say, is divine?

Surely you've sipped too
much wine!

Forgiveness means that
you are lax,

Rewarded with steel in
your back,

Or perhaps theft within
the night,

Or poisoned drink, in
broad daylight.

Love steals your armour
for the foe

Those who forgive,

To hell they go.